

Mrs Lawsone



Mr. POPE's WORMS:

AND A NEW

BALLAD

ON THE

MASQUERADES.



8 kpts 8 aprons 4 Husbands 2
19 bedclothes a short apron neck handkerchiefs
all kind handkerchiefs

MR. POTTER'S WORKS

AND A NEW

BALLAD

ON THE

MAGNETIC



LOVE'S INVENTION :

OR, THE

Recreation in Vogue.

An excellent new BALLAD upon the
MASQUERADES.

To the Tune of, *O! London is a fine Town, &c.*

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL at the *Dial and Bible*, and
R. FRANCKLIN at the *Sun*, against *St. Dunstan's*
Church in *Fleet-street*. M.DCC.XVIII. Price 6d.

LOVE'S INVENTION:

OR, THE

Rectention in Vogue.

An excellent new Ballad upon the
MASON BRADSHAW.

To the Tune of, O! London is a joyful Town.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!



LONDON

Printed for E. Curjel at the Dial and Dial, and
R. FRANKLIN at the Dial, in the Strand.
Church in the Strand. Price 2d.



An excellent New

BALLAD

UPON THE

MASQUERADES.



! A MASQUERADE'S a fine Place,

For Ladies that are Witty and

Alas! this Year they're at an end,

And is not that great Pity?

A 2

The

(4)

The Ladies wear large Hoops,
With design to show their Legs :
Next Winter they'll show something else, —
And stand upon their Heads.

BALL II.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For the Young, the Old, the Witty :
And now's become a Rendezvous,

For Ladies that are Pretty :

At 'Change they job for Money,

But traffick here for Hearts :

The fairest Nymphs are willing
To show you their Best Parts.



III. O !

III.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For Courtiers, O! they're Witty :

For a certain Friend did make great Sport,

With a Mad-woman so Pretty.

He gently press'd her Hand,

Her Air and Mien approv'd

And begg'd that she'd withdraw with him,

Because the Spirit mov'd

IV.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,

For Ladies that are Willing;

For there they Sigh, and there they Coo,

Like Doves full fondly billing.

Your

Your Chimney-Sweepers with an Air,

Cry, Sweep your Chimnies clean ;

And shou'd you meet a Scavenger,

He'll tell you what they mean.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For Counting O ! they're Witty ;

For a certain Friend did make great Sport

V.

With a Mad-woman so Pretty.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For Ladies in Distress, M. and M. and M.

For they may meet a Good Thing, And begg

Tho' in a Female Dress, Because the

A Scaramouch is nimble,

Tho' lazy he appears ;

And if you try an Old Man,

He'll do't—beyond his Years.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For Ladies that are Willing ;

For there they sigh, and there they Coo

VI. O !

Like Doves full fondly billing.

Your

At Eight a-Clock they meet

And Dance themselves to please :

For it kindles hot Desire

To give a gentle Quiver

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,

For those that wou'd shoot flying ;

For there you'll meet with Ladies,

Who're not afraid of Dying.

There's Running-Footmen plenty ;

Who do their Ladies Work ;

And if you are for changing,

You'll find an able Turk.

You'll meet with Scoundrels in Night-Gowns

Dress ready for the Day —

And they can't want a Shepherdess

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,

Cou'd I explain it well ;

For there you'll meet Diversion ;

That nothing can excel.

At

'At Eight a-Clock they meet,

And Dance, themselves to please :

For it kindles soft Desire,

To give a *gentle Squeeze*.

VIII.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,

If you would *stir your Blood* ;

For there you'll meet Variety,

And, most think, that is *good* !

You'll meet with *Swains* in Night-Gowns,

Drest ready for the *Field*— :

And they can't want a *Shepherdes*,

That will with Pleasure *yield*.

IX.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,

For giving a *Bold Stroke*——;

And if you'd find a *Great-Man*——

Then search *beneath* a CLOAK :

The *Whimsical Hoop-Petticoat* *

Most strangely does perplex ;

For you may be deceiv'd *in*——

Courting of the *wrong Sex*.

X.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,

For Men of Taste and Pleasure ;

Since here they may divert themselves,

And purchase *unknown Treasure* :

* For more particular Concernment, see the Poem, call'd, The Hoop-Petticoat. By Mr. Joseph Gay.

For a *Guinea* and a *Crown*, Sir, *

You'll—win an *Haughty Dame* ;

Who if she had her *Mask* off,

Wou'd answer with *Disdain*.

XI.

O ! a *MASQUERADE*'s a fine Place,

For opening of your *Cases* ;

For here you'll get your *Business* done,

And never show your *Faces* :

Here is good store of *Lawyers*,

That take a private *Fee*——

But they'll do nothing *blindly*,

Faith you must let them see.

* *The Price of a Ticket.*

XII. O !

(11)

XII.

O! A MASQUERADE's a fine Place,
For *Carriers* they love *Fogging* ;
And shou'd they meet a *Milk-Maid*,
They wou'd not fail of *Flogging* :
The sprightly *Harlequin*
Exerts his *Manly-Parts* ;
And never fails to strike his—*Sword*
To pierce the *Ladies*—*Hearts*.

XIII.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,
For a *Fryar* that is jolly ;
For here he may Confess a *Nun*,
And ease her *Melancholy* :

Shou'd you meet an *Ancient Father*,
 Who calls himself *OLD TIME* ;
 He'll give you good Advice *Child*,
 That you may not lose your *Prime*.

XIV.

O ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place
 For a *Devil* that is *merry* ;
 For here he may draw *Sinners in*,
 And Dance the *new Vagary* :
 And if you meet an *Adam*,
 He won't your *Wish* deceive ;
 For he'll use you as kindly,
 As once your *Mother EVE*.

XV. O !

XV.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For Lovers in Disguise;

They'll show you pretty *Trinkets*;

And catch you by—*Surprize*.

You'll meet with lusty *Skippers*,

As nimble as a *Bee*;

What tho' the *Dutch* are *heavy*,

Yet these are *brisk* you'll see.

XVI.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place

For *Spaniards*, tho' they're *grave*;

And tho' they move but *slowly*,

They will your *Longing* save.

You'll

You'll meet a jolly Highlander ;

Will do your *Business* well ;

For they're not soon a weary,

If all be *Truth* they tell.

XVII.

O! a MASQUERADE's, a fine Place;

If you want to fill your *Belly*;

For here is *Meat* of all sorts,

From *Woodcock* down to *Jelly*;

In one *Bufet*, is *Burgundy*,

In t'other, is *Champaign* ;

As soon as *Twelve a-Clock* is struck,

They run to eat amain.

XVIII. O!

XVIII.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place;

For shou'd you be found out;

Do but clap on a *Domino*, *

And then you're safe no doubt;

Step but aside, there's Mrs. *Long*,

So famous in the Town;

And she will soon equip you —

If you tip her Half a Crown.

XIX.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place;

Did you know *what is done there*;

For Ladies in a *Mask*, will —

Speak *English* without Fear.

* A Fryar's Habit, the Head of which is so call'd.

When

When you are tir'd with *Dancing*,
 You may sit down and chat ;
 And tell a thousand pretty Tales,
 And do—I won't say what.

XX.

O! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,
 For *Heideiger* gets Wealth ;
 For there he cheats you bravely,
 And there you cheat yourself :
 But he designs next Winter
 To make the Place so fine ;
 He'll hang it all with Damask,
 Where *Mirrours* * brightly shine :

* Anglice Looking-Glasses.

(17)

Oh ! a MASQUERADE's a fine Place,
For Ladies that are Witty :
And now, alas ! they're at an end,
And is not that great Pity ?





*To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE,
Author of the Celebrated
Worm-Powder.*

By Mr. POPE.

I.

HOW much, Egregious MOORE, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews, and Forms?

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,

All Humane Race are *Worms*.

Man,

II.

Man, is a very *Worm* by Birth,
 Proud Reptile, † vile and vain,
 A-while he crawls upon the Earth,
 Then shrinks to Earth again.

† Mr. Pope took this Hint from Homer, Book 5.

Apollo's Speech to Diomede.

O Son of *Tydeus*, cease ! be wise and see
 How vast the Diff'rence of the Gods and Thee ;
 Distance immense ; between the Pow'rs that
 shine

Above, Eternal, Deathless, and Divine,
 And mortal Man ! a Wretch of humble Birth,
 A short-liy'd Reptile in the Dust of Earth.

III.

That *Woman* is a *Worm* we find,
 E'er since our Gran'am's Evil:
 She first convers'd with her own Kind,
 That Ancient *Worm*, the *Devil*.

IV.

But whether Man, or He, God knows,
Fæcundified her Belly,
 With that pure Stuff from whence we rose,
 The Genial *Vermicelli*,

V.

The *Learn'd* themselves, we *Book-Worms* name;
 The *Blackhead* is a *Slow-Worm*;
 The *Nymph*, whose Tail is all on Flame,
 Is aptly term'd a *Glow-Worm*.

VI. The

VI.

The *Fops* are painted *Butter-Flies*,
That flutter for a Day ;
First from a *Worm* they took their Rise,
Then in a *Worm* decay.

VII.

The *Flatterer* an *Ear-wig* grows.
Some *Worms* suit all Conditions ;
Misers are *Muck-Worms*, *Silk-Worms* *Beaus*,
And *Death-Watches* *Physicians*.

VIII.

That *Statesmen* have a *Worm* is seen,
By all their winding Play :
Their Conscience is a *Worm* within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

IX. Ah!

IX.

Ah! MOORE, thy Skill were well Employ'd,
 And greater Gain wou'd rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The *Worm* that never Dies.

X.

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
 Who sett'st our Entrails free,
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
 Since *Worms* shall Eat ev'n Thee.

XI.

Thou only can'st our Fates adjourn
 Some few short Years, no more;
 Ev'n BUTTON'S Wits to *Worms* shall turn,
 Who *Maggots* were before.

FINIS.